

*E. Barrass, Toronto.*

"Indian Wigwams and Northern  
Camp-fires."

# A CRITICISM.

By JOHN McDOUGALL.

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TORONTO:

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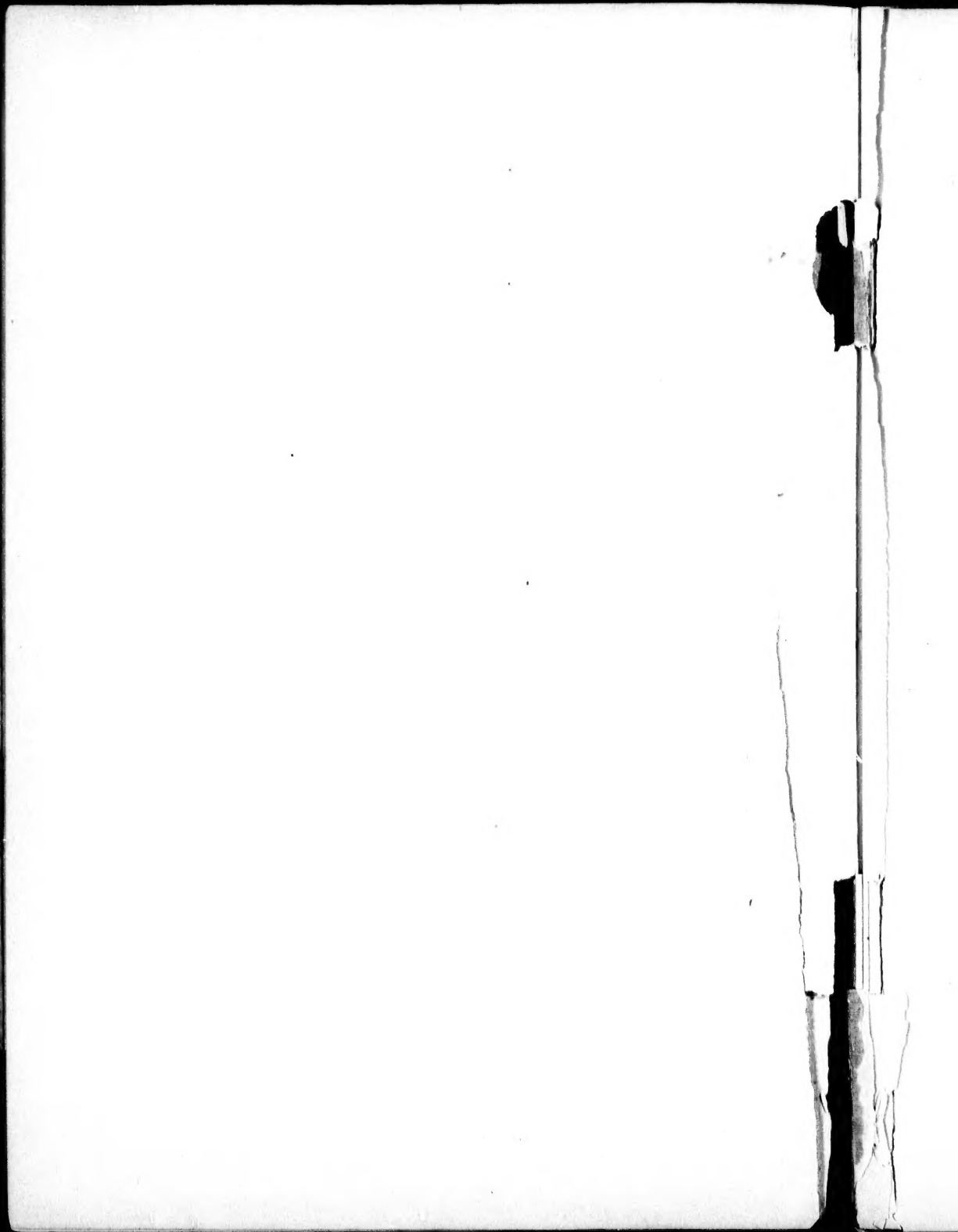
CANADIANA

My reasons for publishing this pamphlet are :

1st. The columns of the *Christian Guardian* were closed to me, after there had been admitted to its columns a vile and scurrilous letter from the pen of the Rev. E. R. Young, which, instead of being, as it purported to be, a defence of his book, which I had criticised, was a personal attack on myself and calumniated others.

2nd. To vindicate the honor of our missionaries, and to show that there are some at any rate who will not submit to the position of even appearing to countenance or support fraudulent pretensions.

JOHN McDUGALL.



# A CRITICISM

OF

## "INDIAN WIGWAMS AND NORTHERN CAMP-FIRES."

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DEAR SIR,—A few days since I received from the Methodist Book-Room, Toronto, "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires," by Rev. E. R. Young. Having carefully looked this through, I now wish to kindly criticise some of the scenes and statements contained therein.

1. The frontispiece, "How I Missed My First Bear." This is not true to the life of the time. The Indians are made to appear in the savage costume, leather clothes, and without hats or caps, and with feathers in their hair. Now, long years before this these Indians had adopted the white man's, or Hudson Bay employee costume; and, as Mr. Young would have Christian men with him as canoeemen, they would not be dressed as those in the picture. Then, Mr. Young is standing up in the canoe in the act of firing at the bear, something that a native would rarely dare to do, and a position these men would not let the missionary attempt in a small birch canoe. Mr. Young is dressed in heavy and long leather coat, which in summer time anywhere would be out of place, but especially in a small canoe on a long trip. What could any man do in water if dressed in leather, which would immediately absorb and hold many pounds' weight? In such a case the strongest swimmer would be crippled. From the standpoint of an Indian or an experienced traveller, to either stand up or attempt to shoot, or to be dressed in a heavy moose-skin coat, while in a small three-man birch canoe, would in either case be suicidal.

2. Our author, on page 15, under the title of "Night Visions and Heart Musings in the Wild North Land," quotes some fine lines indicative of glad willingness to go anywhere or be anything in the Master's work. Many of his friends, knowing that Mr. Young spent but a short time in mission work, and for years has not even settled down to ordinary circuit duty, will think, and reasonably so, that their friend is not consistent.



3. On page 19, Mr. Young leaves the impression that the pagan Indian is devoid of affection for his children. Now, my experience is the contrary. These (at times) stoical and stolid men are exceedingly affectionate and loving to their children—in fact, over-indulgent.

4. On page 21, he says, "We know of nothing more calculated to fire an Indian's soul than one of these exciting war-dances." When could Mr. Young have possibly beheld a real war-dance, as the Indians he labored amongst had not been for some generations on the war-path, and a war-dance to them would have been an unusual and unique experience?

5. On page 25, Mr. Young, speaking of himself and wife, says, "Our destination was far up in the yet unexplored regions north of Manitoba," quite overlooking the fact that for over one hundred years the Hudson Bay Company had their posts established all the way north as far as Churchill, and that their hardy voyagers and fur-gatherers had travelled the whole country, and that for twenty-eight years our own missionaries had preceded him at Norway House, and many of these were in travels by canoe and dog-train abundant.

6. On page 26, we have another picture of primitive transport; but the boat is entirely too small. These York, or inland, boats were large, strong, and well-built crafts, capable of carrying a cargo of from eight to ten thousand pounds, and a crew of nine men, besides several passengers. In the sketch before us everything is too much dwarfed except the ox and the feather in Big Tom's hair. The ox, no doubt, was big, but the boat was big also; as to the feather, I verily believe it is a creation of the artist's.

7. On page 27, our author essays to explain the manufacture of pemmican, but his information is incorrect. The meat was not taken from the buffalo in thin flakes or strips; the tallow was not poured into the bag after the pounded meat was in it, as all the mixing of meat and grease was thoroughly done before any portion was put into the bag, and in all my winters and summers on the plains among the buffalo, I never saw, nor yet heard, of an "Indian in his dirty moccasined feet jumping into the bag to pack it down." This latter would have been rather a severe punishment for anyone, as the mixed mass was generally scalding hot when put into the bags.

On page 28, we have a vivid description of mixing flour and water without a dish, and baking without a pan. Now, I have often seen this done, and have done likewise myself, but not when I had a big boat to put things in. It seems strange to me that old and wise Tom, and his crew of eight men, should come all the way from Norway House to Fort Garry, and now



be returning from a depot fort homeward and not have at least two or three frying-pans with them, and how comes it that the missionary has none on such a journey? The trip may be made in three days, or it may take twenty, and how are pemmican and fish and ducks, and possibly a deer, to be cooked without dishes or pots or pans?

On page 29, Mr. Young gives some Indian words. The first, "*koos-koos-kwah*," should be *koos-koos-kale*, and it would then be right if addressed to one person. As Mr. Young has it in his book the word has no meaning. What he wanted to say is "*koos-koos-kag*," which means "wake up," when addressed to more than one. The next word, "*sou wa-nas*," means, if anything, a "diminutive south." What Mr. Young should say is, *sou wa na hun*, "it is blowing from the south," or *sou wa ne yooch-din*, another way of expressing about the same thing. Another word in which Mr. Young is astray is Winnipeg. He says this means "the sea." This is wrong, as the word means "dirty or riley water." The origin of the name comes from two causes—the muddy Red River flows into it, and the lake is shallow in many parts and easily stirred up by a storm.

On page 31, Mr. Young says, "We let it be known immediately after our arrival among them that we did not intend to lock a door or fasten a window." This strikes me as a rather serious reflection on both preceding missionaries and the Indians—the first as to their policy, and the latter as to their conduct; and this somewhat explains the picture on the opposite page, for if Tom did as requested he had cause to. No men are more keenly sensitive of that which is hurtful to the feelings than these sons of the wood and plain.

On page 36, Mr. Young is particular in giving the Indian names of his children as given by the Indians. It is passing strange that a northern swampy Cree or Salteaux should give the Sioux name of "Menehaha" to anyone. These Indians had never mixed with the Sioux, and it is not probable they had read "Hiawatha," wherein the word is used as the beautiful creation of a poet's fancy. "The rustling of a falling leaf," and "The voice of the south wind birds." Now, I have spoken Cree for over thirty years. It is vastly more familiar to my ear and tongue than English, and yet I have failed to translate these nice-sounding sentences into anything like a name. Surely someone, because of Mr. Young's unacquaintance with the language, has imposed upon him.

On page 39, Mr. Young says, "English was taught in day-schools with but indifferent success." My experience was quite different, as I had taught for two years, in 1860-61, at Norway

House, and my work was rewarded by many of my pupils learning to speak English very well. Going back there after twenty-five years, I found many of these quite capable of interpreting for missionaries and traders, etc.

On page 47, Mr. Young, speaking of portaging at Robinson's Portage, says, "Although the Portage is several miles long"—the fact is, the Portage is not one mile long, and is the longest between Winnipeg and York Factory, on the travelled route.

On page 52, Mr. Young, describing Kildonan parish, speaks of "frequently hearing some of these half-breeds fluently talking Gaelic." Now, some years before Mr. Young's arrival, I spent some time in this Scotch parish, visited Dr. Black, the pastor, camped with the people in their homes, but never heard or knew of a half-breed speaking Gaelic. These spoke Indian and English as used in the Red River settlement.

On page 58, we have the story of some Indians being caught in a log-trap. Now, this is altogether inconsistent with the Indian character, but the strange part is, that when I read this story some years since the scene was laid in Scotland, and the actors were "clansmen."

On pages 85, 86, 87, Mr. Young tells about a missionary meeting, where his vivid descriptions of cannibals, etc., frightened the whole village away. Now, to an Indian an island would be no more a place of refuge from a *wedigo*, or cannibal, than the mainland, as they attribute to these imaginary beings supernatural power and activity. A better fishing-ground for the time is the more reasonable cause for their flitting; at any rate either the missionary or his interpreter must have mixed up things pretty well that Sabbath afternoon to so alarm the people.

On page 93, as with many of these scenes and descriptions in this book, Mr. Young introduces matter entirely foreign to the range of his work and experience. This I would not altogether object to if he was very careful as to data. "Maskepetoon, or Crooked-arm," so says our author, "was a warlike chief; his delight was in cunning ambuscades, and, when successful, in the practice of unheard-of barbarities upon the captives of other tribes who fell into his hands." Now, this is a libel on one of Nature's noblemen. Maskepetoon was brave in defensive warfare, but coupled with this his big heart was too large to indulge in barbarities or petty revenges. Many a life he saved, and both friends and foes knew him as a peace-loving man. Our author goes on to say that James Evans visited Maskepetoon. This is new to me. The old chief often spoke of Rundle and Wolsey, but to the best of my knowledge, neither he nor yet any of his people ever mentioned James Evans. The latter made what

must have been a flying trip up the Saskatchewan, and thence north to the Peace River, and down by the Athabasca back to the Norway House, but in doing this he would miss the plain tribes. The only place I have ever found any trace of him in the western country was at Lesser Slave Lake, Hudson Bay Co.'s post, where an old Indian told me of his having been there and preaching the Gospel and passing on.

As to the story which begins on page 94 and continues to page 98, the whole thing is sadly astray from fact. So many years have elapsed since Mr. Young heard my father tell about Maskepetoon that he has got things badly mixed. On page 117, Mr. Young says, "Among the members of our party were two Sioux Indians." And he goes on to tell about one called "Joe" listening when he, Mr. Young, preached one sultry afternoon, when all the other missionaries in the party were either too lazy or too tired to do so, and Joe receiving impression from that sermon at that time; and later on Joe talking to one Mr. Snider; and again, still later on, when dying, again talking to the same Mr. Snider. Now, what are the facts? There were no Sioux Indians in the party. Father had taken two Cree boys, Joe and Job, with him from the Saskatchewan to Minnesota, where the boys wintered, and were on hand when father and party came along the following summer. These boys were children of Christian parents; both Rundle and Wolsey had ministered to their people, and the latter had spent weeks at a time in their father's camp. Job was teachable and of a quiet disposition; but Joe did not learn, and, indeed, did not want to, when father left him with a white man in Minnesota. While he was away in older Canada, Joe ran away and joined some roving Indians, and thus spent the winter, instead of improving his time learning civilization.

I knew him for years, and was near when he died; Job is still living. Now, as to probabilities, how could Joe understand Mr. Young's sermon—this was preached in English to white people—when he did not understand or speak English? How could Joe and Mr. Snider converse by the way, as reported on page 119, and again on page 123, when Joe was dying, as Mr. Snider did not speak Cree and Joe could not speak English? Who interpreted at these times? Joe did not reform until disease brought him low, and this was consumption and not small-pox.

On page 120, Mr. Young tells of Blackfeet coming to the mission and conversing with my late father, their purpose being murder. The war party did come, and killed one of our cows and a horse belonging to Rev. Mr. Campbell, and stole quite a number of horses; and, I suppose, would have done worse if

Providence had not taken care of us, and we had not been on guard night and day. But all this time the missionary, with whom the Blackfeet are said to have held converse, was nine hundred miles away. War parties were common affairs in those days, and our author's idea that this one was to the missions and trading-posts because of small-pox is wrong.

On page 122. While all our lumber at that time was made by hand on the saw-pit, that used for coffins for my sisters was furnished by the Hudson Bay Company; and my brother David, and not myself, was with my father when they buried our loved ones. Father had sent me away to the plains in charge of a large party some weeks before this.

On page 124, Mr. Young, speaking of my father's death, says "he was caught in a blizzard storm on one of the wild western plains, and laid down to die." When my father left me the night was fine, as was also the whole of the next day. While no man knows what really caused father's death, my theory is either heart or brain affection—the one or the other—making him for the time unconscious of his surroundings.

On page 135, Mr. Young speaks of rather a poor breakfast, which consisted principally of cooked "wild-cat," etc. Here the trouble must have been in the cooking, as many a time we have been delighted to partake of "wild-cat" or lynx meat, which was away up when our ordinary food consisted of poor fish and poorer rabbits. We were far from any base of supplies, but what puzzles me is why should this have been the case with Mr. Young and family at Norway House. They were within two miles of a large depot fort of the Hudson Bay Company, and at the worst only four hundred miles from Winnipeg by lake and river in summer, and one of the easiest winter routes I know of by dog-train. At Berens River they were alongside a Hudson Bay Company's post, and barely two hundred miles from Winnipeg; not more than three days in winter by dog-train, and a good boat route in summer, and at both points alongside of great fisheries of the best fish in Canada. I say, why be without supplies under such conditions? Surely there must have been great mismanagement somewhere. Was the Missionary Committee to blame? Nay, when I look up the reports of those years I find the Missionary Committee was more liberal to Mr. Young than to others in more difficult fields; that he costs more than other missionaries by a good deal.

On page 162, Mr. Young is quoting one "Sammo," and states of him that "he had been much with the Blackfeet, and had hunted grizzlies with them in the mountains." I have been acquainted with the Blackfeet for the last thirty years, but I

never knew them to be grizzly-bear hunters; in fact, the Blackfeet generally shunned the grizzlies. Mr. Young, like Rev. Mr. Lacombe, seems to have an exalted opinion of the pluck and warlike character of the Blackfeet. The latter posed before the country in 1885 as holding the Blackfeet back from rebellion, while the Indians themselves had no intention of joining anything of the kind, and if they had, and the reverend gentleman had let them go, no "old-timer" would have feared them much, knowing full well that plain Indians, and especially the Blackfeet, are the easiest whipped of all the tribes. The mountain and the wood Indians (if so disposed) have fighting material which must not be held in contempt by any means.

On page 168, Mr. Young has another Cree word, "*astum*," which he makes in English, "come in;" its true meaning is "come here." The Indian in this case would say, "*duh-wow*," equivalent to "there is room," or, "you are welcome." If he said, as the English literally, "come in," it would be *pe-to-ka*.

Page 174, Mr. Young tells a bear story. In this there are to me two strange and new features. Bears, when disturbed, generally make for the door of the den. These did not. And that being still in the den these should not be fat, as it is not until the bear comes out of his winter lair that he begins to lose his fat and flesh.

Page 179, Mr. Young tells of an Indian killing lynx in "deadfalls," and smearing his feet with onions to make the track hold the scent of these, and thus allure the lynx to the "deadfalls." Now, the mode of capturing the lynx is not by "deadfalls," but by snares. These are made by rawhide or strong twine, and the hunter builds a little brush cage around his snare, and places in this cage opposite the snare, the aromatic he may have secured. This is generally done by splitting the end of a small stick, and inserting in this split some grass, which has been smeared with this aromatic; the lynx comes along and is curious and wants to smell and roll, like a domestic cat does, and thus is caught. If the hunter smeared his moccasins with the onions, the first step he took in the snow would hold the most of the scent, and the lynx would stop right there and probably never reach the snare. I am afraid that if the Indian said he did this he was playing with the "tenderfoot missionary."

On page 185, about "marriage customs." I have lived fifty-one years among Indians, Christianized and semi-Christianized, and heathen and entirely barbarous. I do not remember when I first spoke Indian. My mother says I did before I spoke English, and yet I never came across these "marriage customs" which Mr. Young and other writers speak of.

On page 186, Mr. Young says, "We were married with a book," "which is the way of expressing Christian marriage." If this is so, I never heard it. *Ke-che we-ge-to win* is the Indian word for marriage and means, "The great or true way of living together."

On page 193, we have the story of the "Chiefs and the Horse-radish." At one of our literary meetings this last winter, in Morley, this same story was read, but with changes as to place and nationality and substance. Then the scene was in one of the towns of England, and the men were two fresh Irishmen, and the substance was mustard—which is the original story.

On page 240, Mr. Young speaks "of sending all the way to Montreal for furs for himself and wife, because he did not want to excite the hostility of the Hudson Bay Company by buying these from the Indians." I think this is pretty hard on the Company, seeing that its monopoly was over before Mr. Young came to the North-West. I have travelled three times as many winters under more difficult circumstances than Mr. Young. I have camped in the cold twenty times to his once, and yet I never found it necessary to send out of the country for furs for myself or family. Only once did a Hudson Bay Company officer speak to me about my fur cap; and, later on, the same man placed me on a par with himself as to their forts and price of goods at their shops, I needed for myself or family.

On page 281, we have a description of an Indian runner, who becomes lame, and Mr. Young taking his place and coming to open water, etc. What puzzles me is, why has this man run ahead all the time, as the reader will have noticed was the case all through this book when travelling by dog-train is spoken of? I have driven my dogs thousands of miles with no one ahead, to the word and by instinct. My faithful leaders kept on across lakes and down long rivers, but I have often wondered that, in the Lake Winnipeg country, dog-teams must have some one to run ahead of them. This, in the course of years, must have cost the Missionary Society a large sum of money. Then, I am surprised that in December a great, wide and dangerous crack should be found on Lake Winnipeg. I have seen many an ice-crack, but I could always either jump them, or, with my dog-sleigh, make a bridge across them. On this trip the Rev. Geo. Young was along; and on the next page, 282, our author describes this gentleman's astonishment at his, the author's, recital of peril which he, Rev. Geo. Young, knew nothing of. I am not astonished that Rev. Geo. Young was astonished.

All through this book Mr. Young, when speaking of Indian women calls them "squaws." In the name of decency and civilization and Christianity, why call one person a woman and

another a squaw? I have no patience with anybody who calls one a "man," and another a "buck," and another a "nigger" and women "squaws" and "wenches"; but that a missionary of Gospel democracy should do this is most certainly out of place and inconsistent, and betrays great ignorance of essentials to true manhood. And now, as a great part of this entertaining book is foreign to both time and scene, and has been read in other books, I will retire from my borrowed position of critic, back into

Yours truly,

JOHN McDOUGALL.

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**"A CRITICISM" REVIEWED BY THE AUTHOR, AND  
THE "WIGWAMS" DEFENDED.**

DEAR SIR,—The *Christian Guardian* of September 12 has reached me while very busily engaged in preaching or lecturing once or twice every day, with the exception of Saturday, here in England. The communication styled "A Criticism," and signed "John McDougall," is of such an extraordinary character that I hasten to reply, even if I have to do it under many disadvantages, being away from my journals and books, and in a foreign land. However, a fairly good memory and a clear conscience will easily enable me to reply to such a critic.

Let me say, first of all, that the book so criticised is called "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires." It does not profess to be a daily journal of each day's or even year's events as they passed along. If Mr. McDougall had noticed this, a good deal of his ink might have been saved. Then, secondly, I never professed to be a profound philologist in the aboriginal tongues. Rev. George McDougall's advice was: "Make the Indians study English, rather than you perfectly master their languages, for if you talk Indian they will not try to learn English." So, with advice from this source, I ever encouraged them to learn our language, and gladly and gratuitously furnished with English bibles, those who would try to read them; and, in addition, we in the missions learned enough of the language to efficiently carry on the work from this standpoint. With these explanations, let us proceed to his so-called "criticisms":

No. 1 is in reference to the frontispiece, "The position of the missionary, dress," etc.

It may, perhaps, relieve the dear brother's mind by telling him that the pictures were made in a city hundreds of miles away, and that the author of the book, as well as many of his friends, have laughed at some of them. And yet, while we



admit this, I must say that the position is correct, the costumes are very nearly so, and the only humiliation of the writer is, that he had to style the picture, "How I Missed My First Bear."

If the critic will turn to page 244, he will see where another man stood up in the same canoe and did *not* miss the fox.

Criticism No. 2, so unkindly and so unbrotherly, I leave for the last.

No. 3 will come as news all over the Continent to those who have studied the wild pagan Indian character. Not only have I gathered up, as my friends know, scores of volumes by the best Indian writers, but I have for many days here in England, in the British Museum, in its marvellous library, pored over the now priceless volumes, because of their rarity, of the early writers on the Indians of North America. I founded my statements on page 19, and indeed the whole chapter, on what I learned from books, combined with personal experience.

No. 4 is a very absurd piece of reading. If he had taken the trouble to have noticed that the chapter was a general one, discussing the Indians as a whole, he might have saved himself from his humiliation. I also hasten to tell him that both my wife and myself have witnessed the war, and other of the wild Indian dances in all their exciting movements.

No. 5 is such a garbled piece of criticism that I must only ask my readers to compare it for themselves with what I have written in the book, which is this: "The destination of the writer and his young wife was to be among the Cree Indians at Rossville-mission, near Norway House, far up in the yet unexplored regions north of Manitoba." What is there wrong or inaccurate in that, I should like to know?

It seems to be that terrible word "unexplored" that has given John such a fit. The fact that the great "Stop-the-way Company," as Dickens justly called them, had up to that time been two hundred years in the country trading with the Indians, proves nothing. Just as well say that Livingstone, and Moffatt, and Baker, and Speke, and Stanley had no right to call Africa the unexplored continent, because the Arab slave-traders were all over it long before them! They were just as good explorers of the Dark Continent as that company that for so many years imprisoned the free-traders that dared to come into the land, and hounded to an untimely grave the brave missionary that tried to teach the natives to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It will be news to multitudes that the northern half of this continent is in such a high state of exploration. Where are the publications that impart all this information? I and many others will be delighted to purchase some of them.

No. 6. This criticism is similar to the first, and needs no other answer than there given.

No. 7 needs a little more notice. As regards the manufacture of pemmican I obtained my information from various reliable sources. Some of my informants were those whose duty it was for many years to look after its manufacture for the Hudson Bay Company's posts. As I have described it, so it was made at times. Of course, I can imagine that the missionary on the plains would take a little more pains with it. The flesh of the slaughtered buffalo was cut in great strips and flakes; and quantities, not made into pemmican, were dried and tied up into bales and used as dried meat. Vast quantities thus packed came for years to the post at Norway House, and we were often glad to get a little of it. Mr. McDougall's statements would amaze a crowd of old Red River buffalo hunters whom I have seen returning with their carts piled up with these thin flakes or strips of dried buffalo meat. How superficial must have been the reading of my words by this "critic" who wants to so *kindly criticise*, etc. To picture up a vivid scene of a poor, burning Indian suffering from "scalding hot" buffalo fat, *he has drawn entirely on his imagination*. He does not get a shadow of a ghost of it from my words. Will my indulgent readers please look at about the middle of page 27. I say, "The method of its preparation was sometimes like this"—then I describe the process, as often described to us. Who says it may not have been prepared in other ways? Then, as regards this scalding, etc., I say that the dry meat was shovelled in the bag until no more could be packed in. Then the melted buffalo tallow was poured in until it permeated the whole mass. So, after all, John, nobody was burned, and the pemmican was made. But is such criticism either fair or honorable? As regards his tears about my being so destitute of "frying-pans," I must again claim the indulgence of my readers to look at page 28. As I did not put the Indian in the burning, fiery fat, neither did I say that Big Tom and his crew were without a frying-pan. I am, as an intelligent reader can readily see, describing the cooking of one of the motley crew of some of those other boats which joined us. My words are: "We were specially amused with the operations of one of the Indian cooks who had been detailed to cook the 'cakes' for his party."

John, I am ashamed of you, to so carelessly read your books. If you will read the journal or printed letters of the first Miss Batty, who went out as a teacher and did such blessed service for the Master, you will find a cooking scene very similarly described.

As regards his criticism of my Indian words, what I have

already said must be borne in mind, and also the fact that he has spent the last thirty years away from the Wood Crees, among another branch of the people, who speak the language with as many variations as there are between the English of the Lowland Scot and the broadest Lancashire. When I visited these Indians in 1892, numbers of these told me and others that it was very difficult to understand the Cree of John McDougall, who had visited them the year before, as he talked to them in the way of the Plains. So much by way of explanation of a tribal language which, as it is the wide world over, must differ in different localities.

Now, while, as I said, I make no professions to be a great Indian philologist, I am going to defend my Indian words.

The first he assails is *Koos-koos kwah* ("Wake up!") His conceit would be amusing if it were not so absurd. He coolly says, "What he wanted to say," and then "what Mr. Young should say," and so on, *ad nauseam*. What I wanted to say I said, in this and in the other cases.

"*Koos-koos kwah!*" was the morning cry of the guides for many years, and a very welcome call it often was when we were so anxious to be speeding on our way. Perhaps some of our readers are saying Egerton Young says *Koos-koos kwah*, and John McDougall says *Koos-koos kale*. How are we to know which is right? Suppose we try to settle it by some authority. In a hymn-book published in Cree syllabic, in 1888, by Rev. E. B. Glass, B.A., and revised by John McDougall, it is *Koos-koos kah*. Such prostitution of honorable criticism makes one think of the Irishman's answer that "oother" will do, to the two who applied to him to decide the pronunciation of that vexed word "either."

As regards *Souwanas*, I wonder what the chief of that name, or even his son Jake, to whom my beloved chairman, Rev. George Young, D.D., refers on page 283, would think. It is simply absurd.

Then as regards Winnipeg. It seems I am here fearfully astray. It is unfortunate for me that I am away from my home and library: but if John McDougall will refer to Watkins' excellent Cree dictionary he will see that, while he spells it either Winepak or Wenipak, he calls it "the sea." That it means the sea is clearly proved from the fact that the colony of fine Indians, who came up to see us at Norway House from the coast or shores of Hudson Bay, that great inland sea, were each called *Winipakoo-eyirenew*, the Sea-Indian. If Mr. McDougall's interpretation is true, he should have been called the "dirty or riley" water man. How absurd. Somebody would have got into trouble if, with that interpretation, they had dared to use the name.

Then, has this Nimrod forgotten that we used to call that species of plover, that, for a short time in our brief summer, came up from the sea, *Winnepakoo-penases*, the sea partridge? So, I think, we can safely let Winnipeg still be translated "the sea," a title it deserves, and given to it on account of its immense size.

As regards the criticisms of page 31, they are as senseless as they are heartless. He says that our conduct "strikes me as a serious reflection on both preceding missionaries and the Indians." He cannot find a single sentence in the whole book that would bear out this contemptible insinuation. Will our long-suffering readers please see what we have written on that page 31. We say: "Noble men had done good service for the Master here, and we were permitted to see at once some of the blessed results of their labors." That is what we say of the missionaries who had preceded us. Is that a serious reflection?

Then of the Indians we say: "Very cordial was the welcome given us by them, and we very quickly began to feel at home among them." Are those words, and similar words that follow, "a serious reflection" in the way this critic insinuates? As regards "our not locking the doors and leaving the windows unfastened," there is not a single reference to the methods pursued by our predecessors. What they did, or what were their methods, we have not given the slightest hint. We have only stated the plan that we adopted. Has not any minister, when he goes to his new circuit or mission, be it among whites or Indians, a right to use his own judgment as to the way in which he will manage his house and affairs? What do my brethren in the itinerancy think of such criticism?

As regards the intrusions of Mr. McDougall into the home circle, and the shallow utterances about the names of our little ones born in that land, it—well, it requires a good deal of grace to keep perfect in love.

In our defence, however, a few words are necessary in reference to Minnehaha, or Laughing-water. At the time the name was given there were many ladies and gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company present at their annual council. They were from many parts of the vast country, and talked many Indian languages. They gave the lovely child the beautiful name. I did not say, or even hint, as this man so heartlessly and recklessly declares, that Cree or Salteaux gave her this name. All I said (page 36) is, "Of course they were all given Indian names." But who gave them, or how they were selected, I mentioned not. So all this blow and bluster amount to nothing but to enable him to have a fling at a brother missionary who, he says, "has been imposed upon." Where is the *kindly* criticism in this, many would like to know.

Then as regards some of the names, he says, "he fails to translate them into anything like a name." He reminds us of the stupid egotist who, going to the great Mr. Hill, said: "I can't imagine how you could get so much out of that text! Can you tell me why I could not?" "Lack of capacity, man; lack of capacity!" was the quick reply.

But perhaps I am too severe on my critic, and ought to accept his explanation for his mental obtuseness, when he admits that he knows more of Cree than of English, but even that proves mighty little. His criticisms of pages 39, 47, 52, 58, are so childish that they are not worth noticing. I wish my readers would compare them with the book itself.

Even if Robinson Portage is not as long as both Dr. Lachlin Taylor and I thought it was when we tramped over it with heavy loads, if Mr. McDougall had ever gone down to Nelson River by Split Lake, as the noble and devoted Rev. John Semmens and I have done, he would have found many a portage longer.

As regards Gaelic, which he says he never heard, etc., well, others of us have heard it. His ideas of *windagoos*—I did not say *wedigo*—are not those of the Salteaux. They believed, and acted as described, and there was no "mixing up of things," as this Sir Oracle in his sublime egotism would have us believe.

Now, as regards the beautiful story of Maskepetoon, for the present I am content to rest under his criticism. "*Nil malum mortuis.*" This, however, I now may say, that before writing that paragraph about Maskepetoon, he ought to have at least remembered who brought the story to Ontario, and told it, with thrilling effect, on many a platform. Before I published my account of it, I read it to a number who had heard it, and, using their memories to aid my own, as it is I published it.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am going to answer criticism No. 2. It is so cruel and heartless and unbrotherly that I had to read it over and over before I could believe that the man was capable of giving such a cruel stab to a fellow-worker. But, since I have pondered it over, I see that the critic is consistent with himself. The man that could heartlessly lie in his bed all night at Morley, while he knew that the honored president of the Woman's Missionary Society and also the zealous secretary of the same Society were shivering only a few miles away in a cold, dreary, comfortless mountain station, could thus write.

His lame apology at the time, to those who knew the circumstances, was no apology at all. To it I did not then reply, although urged to even by some who were on the ground, as I did not wish to bring honored names into print without their permission. That my children should have published a private

letter, I then, as I told the Editor, deeply regretted. But I do not regret it now, neither do many others, that the selfish indifference manifested then has again come out. There were plenty of horses in the neighborhood, there was a good rig, the road was good, and across the river there was a new, safe, easily-worked rope-ferry, and the night was one of wondrous moonlight beauty.

With this explanation to clear myself from a previous attack, let me now notice his present insinuations. My life and record are before the brethren of my Conference, who decide as to my work; and to them I am thankful I am responsible, and not to this critic.

Does John McDougall not know that it was his father who urged the Missionary Committee to write me that letter published in "By Canoe and Dog-Train," which led my wife and me to go out into the Indian work?

The long years we spent among the Crees and Salteaux were full of toil, but rich in blessings. Nothing would give me greater joy than to pass through all the hardships again—and we had many of which he knows not—if the same glorious triumphs should crown our labors. He calls it but a short time, and yet let any candid one consult the missionary records and see if, in all my critic's life, he accomplished anything like the same amount of success. "We live in deeds, not words."

It is trying even for the vindicator of character, thus covertly assailed by this thoughtless brother, to have to parade before the world domestic sorrow, and tell how, among other afflictions, the brave wife, who had so incessantly worked and toiled for the uplifting of the poor women, whom she so dearly loved, that her health so completely failed that she had to be removed from that isolated mission among the Salteaux to a place where the most skilful attendance and medical watchfulness were absolutely necessary to save her from the grave. Numbers of my readers and several physicians know whereof I write.

Will this satisfy him?

And now, as to my work in these later years, I am again very thankful that I have only to answer to my God and to my Conference. My brethren beloved know what I am doing and why, and with me they rejoice that a "great and effectual door" for usefulness has opened before me. For years my work has been providentially tending in this direction.

Dr. Punshon was the first who ever spoke to me about it. One evening, when walking in the garden of my beloved chairman, Rev. George Young, D.D., at Winnipeg, Dr. Punshon put his arm around my neck and said, in his pleasant way, "Egerton, I want you to come to England, and tell our people

some of those beautiful things about the Indians. I expect to return there in a few years, and this is the plan that is in my mind. You go as appointed, and open that mission among the Salteaux as soon as possible, and I hope you will have great success; and then, in some years in the future, get the permission of your ministerial brethren, and come over to England; and may I be there to meet you." Then he added, "But as that is far ahead, in the meantime I want you to write some account and stories of the work among those Cree Indians, and send it by mail to Rev. George Stringer Rowe, in England, who will publish it in one of our missionary periodicals. It will interest them very much, and will also help to introduce you to our people." I wrote as desired, but the idea of then going to England only seemed like a pleasing impossibility. With Mrs. Young in shattered health I returned to Ontario, and spent some happy years in circuit work. On every field I had successful revivals, and during every one of those years my brethren will bear witness to my willingness to aid in missionary meetings, often to such an extent that circuit officials were not always too well pleased at my being away so much pleading the cause of missions. One of these trips carried me through the Eastern Provinces for several weeks, much to my financial loss, but the missionary income came up grandly. During one of these years Dr. Punshon passed away, but other men, like Dr. Stephenson, Mr. Telfer, Jackson Wray and others, kept calling, and at length Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in his earnest, loving way, seemed to make it imperative. Here are Mr. Pearse's own words, published in England: "I made the acquaintance of Rev. Egerton Young in Canada, and found him in high repute, both for his own sake and because of the work he had accomplished. I strongly urged him to visit England," etc.

So, after consultation with Dr. Douglas, Dr. Rice and many of the beloved men who are still with us, I crossed the ocean to tell the story of Gospel triumphs among the red Indians of America to English audiences. In this work I am now engaged. Mine is the joy and privilege of telling of His power to save, and thus advancing the great cause of missions, before from five to ten thousand different people every week. Missionaries have been before these churches from other lands for many years, and so the work among our American Indians is a new story. I am very happy in this work, and it is a great joy to make honorable mention, and to tell of the noble deeds of America's Indian missionaries, from Eliot and Brainerd to Case and Sunday and Evans, Steinhauer and Crosby, Semmens and George McDougall.

A few evenings ago I spoke twice in a church where my heart



was thrilled with deepest emotion. Not only was it the sanctuary where the eloquent Dr. Beaumont dropped dead while giving out the sublime lines—

“The while the first archangel sings  
He hides his face behind his wings,”

but it is also the church where, on one of the walls, is the tablet to the memory of Rev. James Evans, near which rest his mortal remains. The next day in Barton church, where I spoke twice, was the marble tablet to the memory of Richard Watson, who was a native of that place. This week I spend in England; the next, in Ireland; the next, in Scotland—and thus it goes, until at times my body gets so weary that I long for rest.

And now, ere I close, that once for all everything may be made clear as the sunlight, I would say that, as regards the financial side of the matter, I am not collecting for Indian missions—irresponsible reporters to the contrary notwithstanding. I am speaking principally under the auspices of the churches for their different claims. They pay me a respectable fee for my services, and are themselves generally largely benefited. And further, in conclusion, I would say for his benefit, what is well known to my brethren, that when my Toronto Conference thinks that I am not doing a great and good work, and that I had better return to the pastorate, their wish will be cheerfully and promptly obeyed. But in the meantime, all who can, please buy a copy of “Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires,” and thus gladden the heart of the Book Steward, and also see what a splendid book it is, and what really was said by

EGERTON R. YOUNG.

P.S.—Since writing the above reply to the first part of Mr. McDougall's criticism, and while just about closing it up for mailing, the *Guardian* with his second part has arrived. I will reply to it shortly, fully; but in the meantime, among its cruel attacks is this last, which I here insert for my brethren to investigate. He says in his last paragraph: “All through this book, Mr. Young, when speaking of Indian women, calls them ‘squaws.’” The word “squaws” is not in the book. That is kindly criticism, my friends, with a vengeance. But he goes on. What a frenzy he must have worked himself up into when he wrote these elegant lines: “In the name of decency, and civilization and Christianity, why call one person a ‘woman’ and another a ‘squaw’? I have no patience with anyone who calls one person a ‘man,’ another a ‘buck,’ and another a ‘nigger,’ and women ‘squaws,’ and ‘wenches’; but that a missionary of Gospel democracy should do this is most certainly out of place

and inconsistent, and betrays great ignorance of essentials to true manhood."

That I should be thus accused is a foul libel. Not one of these offensive words is found in my whole book. The singular of one of them is found in connection with an amusing story, where it is correct, as it is the Salteau word. All through the book, he says I call the women "squaws." It is absolutely false. Turn to page 148, and "woman" is mentioned seven times, and mentioned *always* respectfully, kindly, cordially. Who will tell me how such a "critic" should be dealt with who, in the great religious paper of our Church, dares thus to malign a brother?

E. R. Y.

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MORLEY, Nov. 8th, 1894.

DEAR DR. DEWART,—In answer to Mr. Young's reply to my criticism of his book, "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires," allow me to say that Mr. Young exhibits even more inconsistency in his review of my criticisms than he did in his book, though this did not seem possible. If one publishes a book and advertises the same for sale, does not this book become by purchase public property, and is it not open to the criticism of anyone wishing to do so?

Moreover, in these days of so-called "Higher Criticism," when the finite will almost dare to challenge the Infinite; when men who were not present when order came out of chaos; who did not hear the sons of the morning sing together; who were not contemporaneous with or companions of Moses and the prophets, nor yet living in the time of the evangelists and apostles, but who, while living in these latter days and at this great distance from any actual knowledge of the facts, will nevertheless question the authenticity and data of the greatest of books; and when we who have come to believe in its divinity forsooth because of the logic of its teaching, say to these "higher critics," search on, brethren, so long as ye are honest and manly in your searchings. But how different is this very fallible author of a very fallible book! I but approach him, and he squirms; I but touch him with my gloved finger, and he screams; I but pierce his balloon with the point of a needle, and he cries out as if his whole craft and stock was in great danger; and yet I am far more consistent than any of the "higher critics," for I preceded this man, was contemporaneous with him, succeeded him, in fact have been all around him and all through him, so far as the subject his book treats of is concerned. In all this I am consistent; and the more consistent I am the more his inconsistency is apparent.

In his review, Mr. Young tries to vindicate his pemmican story, and in doing so misquotes himself. He says, drawing attention to his book, page 27, "The method of its preparation was *sometimes* like this." Now, his book says, "*something* like this," which makes considerable difference.

I say in my criticism and now I *boldly* repeat it, that "his information is incorrect." Pemmican was never made as he describes it in his book, and all the old Red River hunters, in spite of his appealing to them, will tell him so. As regards cooking without a frying-pan, if he had told us he was collating from Miss Batty, we would have understood him. When my reviewer comes to Indian words he shows his lamentable ignorance of the language; if it were not so, he would have seen at once that the last syllable in *koos-koos-kale* is a printer's error. It should be in the singular *kah*, and in the plural *kag*, and so all through, whenever he touches the Indian word he is wrong. Winnipeg means just what I said, and every Indian, either Cree or Salteaux, will tell you so. Notwithstanding "my conceit" and my being "absurd," even to the degree of "*ad nauseam*," yet what I say in my criticism is the truth. Now, as to my Cree, I can travel from the Missouri River to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Columbia River to the Labrador, and do not require an interpreter for either Crees or Salteaux.

The Salteau I have spoken and understood from my childhood. When a boy of ten or twelve I often interpreted for my father and government officials, and for the last thirty-four years have spoken Cree—first, the Swampy dialect, as spoken around Lake Winnipeg; then the pure Cree or mother tongue, as used on the Saskatchewan by both Plain and Wood Crees. Anyone with the parent language is readily understood by all those speaking the many dialects of the same. Notwithstanding what Mr. Young says, I never met an Indian at Norway House, or Oxford or Nelson House, or even at Berens River who did not understand me. I have met some of our missionaries and other white men, who, because of their faint knowledge of one of the dialects, did not follow me as quickly as they wished. But how comes it that my reviewer should take with him into that country in 1892, hymn-books to give to these people who, he says, have difficulty to understand me, when these very hymn-books as to their revision and correction and translation are my creation, and how is it that most of the translations of these latter days are sent to me in proof that I may correct them, in order that these will reach the larger constituency covered by the pure or parent tongue?

In his reference to Robinson's Portage and Maskepetoon, my reviewer calumnizes the dead. He would make Dr. Taylor

think as he does, that the Portage is several miles long, when the fact remains that it is not one mile long. He would make my father tell that about Maskepetoon which is untrue.

As to myself, I will say that I have both gone and come from Nelson House by a route on which there are very much longer portages than on the Split-Lake route which he refers to.

Mr. Young takes exception to what I have to say about the Indian names of his children, but notwithstanding his explanations as to who may have given these names I contend his book leads the reader to infer that these names were given by the Indians, and I confess I have not the "capacity" to think that a Swampy Cree or Salteau Indian of the time when Mr. Young was in this country would give any child the name of "Menehaha," neither would I attempt to measure up to the "capacity" of my reviewer either in imagination or audacity.

My reviewer goes outside of my criticism to charge me with being so heartless as to lie in bed all night at Morley while I knew that Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan were shivering in a cold, dreary, comfortless mountain station a few miles away.

Now, in doing this, Mr. Young is entirely consistent with himself; that is, having no knowledge of the case, he jumps at his own conclusions entirely careless as to whether these are right or wrong, and also as to whether what he says will injure or belittle another. What matters this so long as he becomes the hero and his own glory is enhanced, for did not he play the brave knight—did not he come to the rescue with gallantry and talk (especially the latter)? Why, it must have been worth while waiting in the cold, dreary, comfortless mountain station to be thus rescued and thus honored.

How did Mr. Young know that I was in bed in Morley that night? Why did he not know that the train from the west by which these ladies were coming, if on time, was due at Morley one hour and seventeen minutes after midnight, and this time was late? Why did he not see that the river was dangerous, and that it was in the interests of the ladies we did not bring them over in the night, and that the ferry was sometimes anything but easily worked? He did not know that this whole matter had been previously arranged by the ladies and myself, and that they should remain at the station until morning, and that because there were four ladies in the party and their luggage I had requested Mr. Butler to come up from the Orphanage with his rig and help me to bring the party over in one trip; all of which plan was faithfully carried out, and, so far as I know, satisfactorily to the ladies. Moreover, the night was not very cold. The station is one of the neatest and most com-

fortable of the smaller stopping places along the line. A section-house, where both bed and meals are procurable, was within six rods of the station; a store was within one hundred yards, and the home of a Methodist family right alongside of this. Again, these ladies were old travellers and quite competent to take care of themselves, and delighted in so doing; indeed, as some of them told me, were rather annoyed by the officious and uncouth noise and bluster of my reviewer, when he arrived by the west-bound train sometime after their own arrival at the station. As many know, I have crossed the Bow River under almost all circumstances and at all hours of the night and during all seasons, but at this time there was no reason to make a night crossing, and several why this should not be done. Personally, I was not considered in the course adopted, though my kind critic would so insinuate.

But how about himself. While in my house, partaking of my salt, entertained in our humble way by my family, he, to glorify himself and to vilify me and mine and also some of my neighbors, writes a letter which was published in the *Guardian*, and of which he now says he does not regret that it was published, though it was a base fabrication out of a selfish man's imagination.

Oh, yes, my reviewer is a most consistent person (that is, with himself). And now about the time my reviewer was in the mission field. He says I claim this was short. The records say that he came to Norway House, 1868, and was back in Ontario, stationed at Prince Albert and Port Perry, in 1876, a total of eight years. Some of this was spent in Eastern Canada. But in this connection my reviewer rises to sublime heights of egotism, and says, "Let any candid one consult the missionary records, and see if in all my critic's life he accomplished anything like the same amount of success." Now, I will say nothing about my boyhood spent in the mission field in association with my father, nor will I consider the eight years of direct work in the North-West at Norway House and on the plains before my reviewer came to the mission field, nor yet will I go into the eighteen years of continuous work, under heavy responsibility, since Mr. Young left the field, making a total of thirty-four years' actual and continuous work north and west of what is now Winnipeg; but I will speak only (and but little at that) of those years contemporaneous with my reviewer, and in doing so will adopt his reasoning, that is, "deeds, not words"—that eight years of his life spent on Indian missions more than balance the fifty-one of my life also spent among Indians; that he must have been a prodigy and I a dunce; that his opportunity was a great one and mine was very ordinary.

Now, I leave it to any candid man or woman if my deductions from his assertion or challenge are not fair; I think they are.

But, suppose during those eight years my opportunity was the greater of the two. More work to be done, more risks to be run, greater distances to be travelled—base of supplies 1,000 miles distant, instead of 400 and 200 miles, as was the case with him—wild and lawless Indians and even wilder and more lawless white men to be dealt with and circumvented and won to God and country; tribal war all the time, rebellion to be frustrated; terrible epidemics to be endured without either law or doctor or medicine to help; peace to be negotiated, and in doing this fearful risks to life taken; a new mission to be formed and established in the most dangerous part of the territory; work for the Government to be undertaken and accomplished, which prepared the way for the police, and the establishing of law and order in the North-West, in doing which, constant risk of life was undergone; the Gospel to be preached to different tribes, speaking different languages, and also to wild and wicked white men—surely there is nothing commonplace or ordinary about this work, which was ours to do during the years referred to; and that we did this work by the grace of God and with His constant help, will show that I am not the dunce my reviewer would make me.

But I will go further and say there were periods during those eight years—really critical times in the history of this country, when it was laid upon us to have more to do in two weeks, and also in a month and in two months—I say there was more risk, and more vital interest, and more accomplished in any one of these (as to time) short periods than my reviewer was called upon to run or subserve or accomplish in the whole of his sojourn of eight years in the mission field.

No, my dear Mr. Young, yours was the ordinary and ours the very extraordinary life during those eight years we were contemporaneous, all of which can be abundantly proven not by "words" but by undeniable proof. And now, Mr. Editor and good people, I also (like my reviewer) have become an egotist, but you remember who drove me to this.

Anyone who read my criticism will have seen that I did not say anything which would have reflected on Mrs. Young or their family. Why then does my reviewer harp on this in such pathetic strains, and why does he go aside and argue the reason for his present course except that he feels that my Criticism No. 2 is a true one? I will apologize for one rash statement which I wrote, viz., "All through this book, Mr. Young, when speaking of Indian women, calls them squaws." I will now erase the first part of this, and say "Mr. Young, when speaking

of Indian women, calls them squaws," and notwithstanding Mr. Young's emphatic assertion to the contrary, I will point him to page 27 of his book, where he will find the word "squaws."

Here I will deny that this word is in the Salteau language. Please read my reviewer on this word, and determine who works himself into a frenzy, or who makes rash, blind statements, he or I. Perhaps my lines *re* this matter were not very "elegant," but when indignation is called forth, one may be pardoned if elegance is put on the shelf for the time.

After writing my criticism of "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires," and before publishing, I read it to two of our missionaries, either of whom has spent as much time on the same field as Mr. Young, one of these contemporaneous with him and the other succeeding him, and both of these brethren said to me, "You are not too hard on Egerton; everything you say is true; your paper will do good." And last night another brother sent me a note. This brother was also on the same field for years, is still in the work, and is a very fair scholar in both Swampy and Plain Cree. This brother says: "Of course, you have seen last week's *Guardian*, containing rejoinder to No. 1 of your criticism. His explanations are absurd, showing more fully than ever how unreliable he is. The whole thing (if you except the spitting) resolves itself into 'words, words, words,' and nothing more."

I said in the beginning of this article, "I but pierce his balloon," etc. I now say that his Conference should have sent a handspike through this balloon long ago. If I had taken the course Mr. Young has, I would have resigned from the Methodist ministry and sent in my ordination parchment long ere this. Let Mr. Young stand on his own feet, and then he may write all the books of fiction and tell all the stories he pleases, but even then I would advise him to "call a spade a spade," and not imagine it is something else.

The readers of Mr. Young's review will have noticed that he speaks of me as childish, often mentioning me by name, as if I was but a boy and he the veteran; while, as to work and an understanding of the case in hand, our position is just the reverse—I am the veteran and he is the child. And it is this "Youngishness" in the work which makes him assume knowledge of many things of which he really knows but little. But as he has reminded me that my English is imperfect, I will stop for this time.

Yours truly,

JOHN McDougall.



**"INDIAN WIGWAMS AND NORTHERN CAMP-FIRES"  
DEFENDED FROM THE SECOND ASSAULT.**

DEAR SIR,—In the postscript added to my last reply I referred to the closing cruel paragraph of my so-called "friendly" critic, where he says, "All through the book Mr. Young, when speaking of Indian women, calls them 'squaws,'" *when the fact is that the word "squaws" is not once mentioned in the book!* This, and other paragraphs, reveal, not only the cruel, but the reckless spirit of the "critic," whom it is very evident knows very little about the book he is trying to assail.

Going from this to the next paragraph above it, we have some more of his attempts at criticising our winter travelling on Lake Winnipeg. As his absurdities are in the chapter referring to the visit of my beloved and honored chairman of those days, Rev. George Young, D.D., I leave him in Dr. Young's hands, who knows the truthfulness and accuracy of everything therein recorded, and about which we have often talked. Dr. Young knows something of our hardships and sufferings and triumphs of those long years, and of the efforts to keep down expenses, which, although they were necessarily heavy, as we will show, resulted in success and genuine advancement of the cause, such as "critic" has never personally begun to accomplish.

These unworthy insinuations about what my guides and dog-teams, etc., "must have cost the Missionary Society," are simply contemptible, and will do the writer of them more harm than anyone else. I am thankful the Missionary Society officials never found fault with me for these expenditures for my trips, and for what our noble people thought of them. Mr. McDougall had better turn up the old Reports, which he seems to have been so industriously searching, for something to "criticise," and read, for example, the letter of the Hon. Senator Sanford, in which he enclosed to the Missionary Society his cheque for \$300 to enable Egerton Young to carry on his glorious work. Keep reading the Reports of those years, John; they will do you good, perhaps.

Going on through his second letter we find these words: "On page 240, Mr. Young speaks of sending all the way to Montreal for furs for himself and wife, because he did not want to excite the hostility of the Hudson Bay Company by buying these from the Indians." Then he flippantly adds, "I think this is pretty hard on the Company, seeing that its monopoly was over before Mr. Young came to the North-West." What gross ignorance is here displayed! The Hudson Bay Company held their monopoly for three long

years after I went to the North-West, and not only that, but they looked with jealous eyes upon all missionaries then, and do so even up to this day, who buy furs from the Indians.

We were at first annoyed, and a little indignant, when shortly after our arrival we were informed by the Hudson Bay Company officials, in language that could not be mistaken, that if we obtained any furs from the Indians, even for our personal use, they would refuse to allow even our letters to come in their winter packets, and in many other ways would make it exceedingly uncomfortable. When we remonstrated with them, and said, "Surely we can buy from our own Indians furs enough for our personal use—for Mrs. Young and myself," the answer was, and will Mr. McDougall please take heed to it, and "criticise" it if he wishes, "We are so annoyed by the persistent fur-trading of some of the missionaries of the Church of England, and especially of your Methodist McDougalls, in the Saskatchewan country, that we have resolved to extend no courtesies of trade or travel to any we can reach."

This, to Mrs. Young and myself, seemed very high-handed and discourteous on their part, and it was their language long after the monopoly was over; but their power in those north lands was so great that they still had the ability to hedge up my way and lessen my usefulness as a missionary. So, after thinking it over, my brave wife and I, for the sake of the most efficient carrying on of the work of saving souls and building up Christ's kingdom among those poor Indians, resolved to pocket our pride, and, for the greater good, to be even domineered over by this great company, even if, in the sight of the laws of Canada, they were wrong. We thought precious souls, redeemed by the Son of God, of more value than a few beaver or mink skins, and so, rather than have many a trail to distant posts closed against us, and thus the little flocks of loving Indians, who were hungry for the Bread of Life, left to starve, we wore our old furs, which we carried out with us when we first entered on that work, until five years after, when, at the call of the Missionary Committee, we made our first visit to civilization for a glorious round of missionary meetings. Then a Mr. Patterson, of the Metropolitan Church, gave me a new sealskin cap; and from my good friends, Messrs. Botterell, of Montreal, I obtained my first fur coat, and Mrs. Young her supply.

These are the *facts* "criticised." Let the readers of the *Guardian* judge between us.

That our "critic" was not more severely dealt with by the Company was the fact of a marriage alliance that he often presumed upon.

The criticisms of "marriage customs" is childish. He says : "I have lived fifty-one years," etc., "yet I have never come across those marriage customs." Such criticism makes me think of the trial where, after three reliable witnesses had declared that they saw the prisoner at the bar steal the clothes, the lawyer for the defence declared that he could bring twelve respectable persons to swear that they never saw the witness do anything of the kind. Will my readers please turn to page 185 and see what I said. Very limited seems to have been his readings of the customs of American Indians. Then, following, he tried to make something out of the expression, "We were married with a book;" and then he adds some Cree, which is simply absurd here, as the parties married were of another tribe. This is "criticism" with a vengeance. He says, "On page 168, Mr. Young has another Cree word '*Astum*,' which he makes in English, 'Come in.'" Then the critic adds, "Its true meaning is, 'Come here.'" This is indeed news to me, that "*Astum*" is not as well rendered "Come in" as "Come here." Let us see which translation of it sounds best, where it is frequently used. I am, as I said in my last letter, far away from my books, and so have to depend a good deal on my memory; but I can remember some of my Cree yet, and can still quote some of the sweet hymns translated then and since. So, instead of going back to the older ones, where "*Come*," and "*Come in*" are always translated "*Astum*," please look again into the Cree hymn-book of 1888, I think said to be revised by the Rev. John McDougall. There the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," begins, "*Astum*." Mr. McDougall now says it means, "Come here." Please translate it thus, and it is rudeness in the extreme to the adorable Holy Spirit. But "*Astum*" as "Come in" is correct, respectful and yet importunate, as we desire His indwelling in our hearts. So, in the hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," it is "*Astum*." So, in the hymn, in another place, "Come in, my Lord, come in," "*astum*" is twice used. There are many others; but these are sufficient to show that this criticism was unnecessary.

Rev. Orrin German, in his excellent hymn-book also respectively uses "*Astum*" as "Come," or "Come in."

The "criticisms" of the bear story and of the killing of the lynx are, for a man who professes to be such a Nimrod, ridiculous. He, in his conceit, tells what the bear should do; I tell what one did do. "The bear should come out fat," etc. What if he went in poor? How absurd. So in reference to the use of the onions with which to lure the wild-cats to the deadfalls. As I have stated, the hunter keeps using it, often bruising it to extract its odor, and to perfume the trail as he

moves along to the traps or snares, or other appliances used to capture these animals.

In his "criticisms" of a breakfast on a wild-cat, and our reference to some of the difficulties of getting supplies when we were near the trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company, he forgets that his own conduct as an inveterate fur-trader on the sly with the Indians had so embittered the Company that they had passed an order-in-council that their posts, except at York Factory and Winnipeg, were only for trading with the Indians.

Mr. McDougall would have the readers of the *Guardian* think that these inland posts were like great general stores in civilization, where anybody could go in with his money and obtain what he wanted. They were nothing of the kind. They were stocked with goods for the fur-trade, which was carried on by barter. I saw no money for years. Even if I had had it, these traders did not want it for their goods. They wanted furs, on which, when sold in London, they would make their enormous profits. Yet John McDougall, surely knowing this, writes as he has done. It is true they would, when they had abundance of any particular article, sell a little to us *grudgingly*. I distinctly remember once Mrs. Young, at the beginning of a cold winter, asking one of the officials at Norway House if he would be so kind as to sell her six yards of flannel. His answer was: "Can you not possibly manage to do with four?" and four was all she received. After a while, when they found out that we stuck to our missionary work, and left them alone in their fur trading, they relaxed their rules a good deal, and life was more bearable. As regards the food supply, there were two summers when, owing to the first Riel rebellion, and other causes, we were so cut off from civilization and our base of supplies, that almost starvation was the lot of us, both at the Hudson Bay Fort and our mission. A free trader, who had a little flour (and very poor it was) would only sell it at forty dollars a barrel. Of course, we could not purchase at that price; so the Hudson Bay Company's dog-sleds and my own were sent all the way to the mouth of the Saskatchewan for sturgeon. Living as he did in those days in the land of the buffalo, it is very poor taste indeed for him to ridicule our breakfast on the hind leg of a wild-cat.

Perhaps our "critic" would have thought twice before writing some of these foolish things if he had been aware that his conduct in so persistently engaging in the fur-trade was what so annoyed the Hudson Bay Company, that they in the first place refused to grant the usual £50 to the missionary work in the Saskatchewan, as they were doing in other places, and that later on they made it, and the trading with the Indians by some

missionaries of other churches, the excuse why the grants were cut off from all the churches and missions. Wonder whether this brother is aware of the fact that, through his conduct, *thousands of dollars were lost to our missionary cause?* Gentlemen of the Company—like Governor McTavish, Hon. William Christie, Hon. Robert Hamilton, Mr. Stewart, and others—long bitterly annoyed, then took action, and the income suffered accordingly. Mr. McDougall rather glories still in his conduct, as he said, even as late as 1892: "Yes, Dr. Wood sent out an old man by the name of W—— to straighten me up, because I was trading with the Indians; but I soon stopped his mouth, when I called him out and gave him some valuable robes." This is the "critic" of his brethren.

The criticisms of what is said on page 162, of "Sammo," and the dogmatic way in which the Blackfeet, Rev. Mr. Lacombe, and "grizzlies" are disposed of, are simply amusing. If my memory fails me not, I was present when this "critic" was ordained for the work among the Indians, and in the arrangement of the work it was understood that he was to go and begin the work among the Blackfeet, while I was to open up the new field among the Salteaux. Liberal appropriations were made for him as well as for me. The work among the Salteaux has succeeded, as my brethren know. But what about the Blackfeet work? Where is the record of it, and what returns for all the money spent there by this man who is so industrious and indefatigable in hunting through old Reports as to the cost of other men to the Society? It looks like the red herring on the trail. When, in years after, his signal failure to do anything among the Blackfeet, and the cause of it was so frequently asked for by the patrons of the Society, the charitable answer some of us used to give, which we had inferred from all accounts sent, was that they were so wild and warlike that, at present at least, nothing could be done with them. But here, in this paragraph, Mr. McDougall would have us believe they are arrant cowards, the easiest whipped of all the tribes, and that even Pere Lacombe's opinion—who has lived among them, I believe, over forty years—is to be treated with contempt. Then, why did he run away from his field, after all the fuss and ado made about his opening the mission among the Blackfeet? His answer will doubtless explain; but in the meantime there have been theories among the brethren. He says "the Blackfeet were not grizzly-bear hunters," and perhaps not fur-hunters either, and there was but little *profit* among such a tribe; and so, as they were omnipotent in that part of the field, why not select a place where there would be gain in bartering with the Indians, raising fat cattle, getting a

finger in a contract or two, and otherwise fattening the bank account. Considering the large amount he is now drawing from the Missionary Society, and the meagre reports he is able to give of revivals and ingatherings under his own personal ministry, a good many of his brethren think that at least all the sales from ranch or farm ought to be turned over to the funds of the Missionary Society.

The criticisms about the lumber at the saw-pit, and which son was at the burial of the loved ones, and also those about Joe and Maskepetoon, are, to say the least, in strange taste. To the readers of the book it will be seen by the perusal of the whole that, gathering my material from many sources, I designed to kindly and lovingly place before the readers the trials and sufferings and bereavements endured at times in lonely mission homes. In the lapse of years the memory may lose its ability to always call up correctly all that was heard; but as regards all I have written of those incidents that came under my personal notice, I stand by and defend every line.

Very refreshing is the reference to "our literary meetings this last winter in Morley," and the way in which the horseradish story is served up and settled. So now let it be forever after known that the horseradish was mustard, and that the two Indian chiefs were a couple of fresh Irishmen; for *we* of Morley have spoken, and the mustard one is "the original story." There are floating around many other stories of uncertain parentage; but here is an infallible literary society that can settle them all. So let the world take notice and act accordingly.

Reference to the covert sneer that there is so much that "is foreign to both time and scene," and the boorish Western rudeness in his use of the offensive expression "tenderfoot missionary," who perhaps will be found, ere these defences of his "Wigwams" end, to wear a good-sized boot, and a number of other things I will leave to some future time.

In the meantime, I hope all who can will get the book and read it a little more carefully than this superficial "critic" has evidently done.

EGERTON R. YOUNG.

#### MY ANSWER TO MR. YOUNG'S SECOND REVIEW OF MY "CRITICISM."

Here Mr. Young again emphatically asserts that the word "squaws" is not once mentioned in the book, and says this reveals "not only the cruel but reckless spirit of the critic." Now, let others judge as to who is reckless when, by turning to page 27 of this book in question, the above word is found, and

thus Mr. Young in his last review, as also in this his second, strongly states and emphasizes that which is false, and all this is his own creation and of recent date, and yet he thus rashly and falsely speaks. No wonder he is so much astray in those matters and fields from which he has been separated for so many years.

In his next paragraph he makes fun of my "absurdities," as he is pleased to call my criticisms of his stories about peril in travel, and refers me to the Rev. George Young, D.D., in whose hands he would leave me, and says Dr. Young "knows of those long years and of the efforts to keep down expenses," etc. As to the "long years," I answered that in my former letter there were eight in all, though a part of this period was spent away from the Indian field. This Dr. Young knows, and as to the item of expenses he also knows that Rev. Egerton Young was the most expensive man our Church has ever put in the mission work among the Indians, that while only 400 miles from Winnipeg for a part of this period and again but 200 miles for the rest of the time with cheap boat transport during the summer, yet the actual cost of this man (E. R. Y.) to our Society, independent of all private donations (and these were very large, especially from Montreal and Hamilton), was for the eight years as shown by the records to be \$19,660.36, while for the same period, though my field was more distant by 600 miles, and cost of transport very heavy, and my work far more extensive and necessitating five or six times as much travel as his did, yet my total cost to the Society was only \$9,573; that is, for the same period of service, I, with far more work placed on me, a larger field and far more trying circumstances, cost our Missionary Society \$9,925.36 less than Egerton Young did. Dr. Young knows all this, and in common with our missionary authorities worried over it a lot at the time, for he was Chairman of the Red River District during these years. Dr. Young knows further how embarrassing it has been to himself to be taken by the general and travelling public for the Rev. E. R. Young. For instance, a gentleman who prided himself on his ability to read character, said to one of our preachers, "Who is that fine-looking old gentleman?" referring to Dr. Young, and the preacher told him with a very natural pride, "That is *our* Dr. Young, of Winnipeg fame." "*What*," said the character-student, "that is not the man who tells the whoppers?" "*No, no!*" said our preacher, there are two Youngs. This is the man who began work in the Red River settlement in the early days, and was there during the first rebellion," and our mind-reader was very much relieved. Yes, Dr. Young knows a great deal about my reviewer, and so far as I am concerned, he may very well leave me to Dr. Young.



As to my "gross ignorance" about the Hudson Bay monopoly, I will reiterate my previous statement, that this monopoly was practically over before the Rev. E. R. Young came to the North-West. Free-traders were all over the country, both north and west, when I first went on to the Saskatchewan, and this was six years before E. R. Young came to Lake Winnipeg; and, so far as I am personally concerned, I had largely supported myself and family, while establishing a Mission and doing regular mission work, by also trading for the Hudson Bay Company on commission. My father could not secure any appropriation from the Society for this field, and he asked me to go there and do the best I could, and as the Company had no Post in the vicinity at that time I traded for them. My brother David began trading three years before the Rev. E. R. Young came to the country, and has been trading ever since. If this monopoly was in existence, why was it not enforced? Any difficulties or annoyances Mr. Young had with the Hudson Bay Company, were local and personal, and not general as he would imply.

During these years from which he would try and draw the conclusion that I had antagonized the Company, the facts are that the Chief Factor of the large district I was in, said to me: "John, you have helped us very much in the maintenance of peace and in the preservation of life and property, and while I am in charge of this district you will be placed on the same footing as our own officers, as to cost of goods you may want for yourself or family, and also as to the hospitality and help of our Posts to you in your work." This was very antagonistic, was it not? No, Mr. Young is away off on one of his usual flights of imagination.

As to my trading, this was always done above board and in a straightforward and manly way, which has given me the credit and confidence of the Hudson Bay Company and all other merchants all through the years of my residence in the west. If I was to be placed in like conditions any time in the future, I would do just as I have done, for it was done in the very best interests of the work God and the Church gave me to do. Let me again quote from my very lordly and would-be gentlemanly reviewer: "That our 'critic' was not more severely dealt with by the Company, was the fact of a marriage alliance that he often presumed on." Here we have a clear insight into this man's meanness of character. He defames me by a false statement, but more than this, he unburies the honorable dead to blast their fair names if he could. That three of my sisters married officers of the Hudson Bay Company's service was not my fault; that the husband of one

became "Chief Factor," and then "Inspectory Factor," and then an Hon. Senator of our Dominion, is not of my doing ; but that my reviewer should charge this one or all of my brothers-in-law with being in collusion with me, as against the interests of the honorable Company they served, is a base, mean falsehood, and could only originate in the mind of a contemptible being.

As to what I said about marriage customs and Cree words, I will again most emphatically reassert, for, notwithstanding the specious pleading and ingenious quibbling of my reviewer I am right, and any competent authority will say I am correct in what I wrote. My criticisms of the bear story and the lynx "deadfalls" are correct, and my reviewer cannot explain nor yet laugh them away, and he is talking of that of which he is entirely ignorant when he persists in saying the hunter does so and so, for the hunter does not do so, but does as I described and explained in my criticism of his book.

As to the charge my reviewer makes against, me that I was the cause of the withdrawal of the Hudson Bay grant of £50 to our Society, my reviewer is again away off in his blind fury against me, because I simply did my duty in correcting his book ; for it was not the conduct of any missionary which caused the withdrawal of this grant, but a change of policy consequent upon the transfer of the North-West to the Canadian Government, though if the Company was as small and vindictive as my reviewer would fain make them, then he himself must have been the cause of this loss, as he puts it ; for he is the only missionary who seems by his writings to have quarrelled with the Company, and in his book and in his letters he still spits at them. Poor Egerton, how spiteful you are ! As to the 1892 story, my reviewer tells it in his own way, and uses his own language in so doing. The facts are, the Rev. Lewis Warner, in coming to Edmonton, made loud boasts that he was going to put a stop to missionaries bartering or trading, and this came to my ears, and at the same time a letter from the Rev. L. Warner, emphatically ordering me to come from Morley to Edmonton for District Meeting on the first day of January, the distance straight 225 miles, and no road whatever. In this same letter he requested me to bring him in two "buffaloes."

On the morning of District Meeting I took these robes up to the mission-house, and when, in the order of things, Mr. Warner was about to begin a talk about trading, I interrupted him by saying, "By the way, Mr. Warner, those robes you requested me to trade for you are in the hall," and the reverend gentleman learned a lesson in consistency, and passed on to other subjects. In my experience, which is more than

four times that of my reviewer, with the Hudson Bay Company. I was never refused anything they had in their stores or forts, if I brought furs or robes to barter for it; and as I have been a trapper, hunter, and trader, as well as missionary, was I to blame for my soon finding out what always commanded a premium in the country I was living in? Away in the interior mission, drafts and cash, if we had these, would have been at a very serious discount, if taken at all; but furs or robes—this was what all things were imported to be traded for.

Some of what I had to say in my "Criticism," to my reviewer "is simply amusing," though, by the tenor of his letter, he is more than amused; but when he forgets what he is writing about, and loses sight of the fact that, while he was as he says sent to the Salteaux and I to the Blackfoot country, he forgets that I was (of the two, he and I) on my field and picked the site of the new mission with the approbation of my chairman and the strong endorsement of the General Secretary of our Society, who visited the spot the year after my ordination; and thus I, with the full approbation of authority, was on the ground of my work and at my post before my reviewer (energetic and earnest as he pretends to be) was at the new field which was laid out for him. And there at my post, notwithstanding all my reviewer says about my running away, am I still to be found; and just here is it not bad taste for my reviewer, who has not been at his post for many years, to say anything about running away from the same? If because a man cannot always have his own way he will determinedly break his solemn vows to God and his Church, would it not be well for him to refrain from saying anything about running away from work and duty? Here pardon my quoting from the report of the Rev. Lachlin Taylor, the General Secretary of our Missionary Society, who in 1873 says of my selection of a site for the new mission: "Doubtless the most romantic and grandest site for mission premises in all our work." Then he says of myself, "No Church was ever blessed with a better agent, or a man possessing higher qualifications for that work than Bro. John McDougall." Again he says, "My ten weeks of uninterrupted travel and intercourse with Bro. John McDougall strengthened my attachment to him daily, and my admiration of his character as well as his eminent qualifications for that important work to which God has called him."

Three years after this the Church gave me the position of Chairman of the territorially largest district in our work, a position I continue in by the grace of God and confidence of the Church unto this day. *What about running away?*

Now, about pecuniary matters and worldly "profit." I have raised fat cattle ; I have been a contractor ; I have turned an honest penny in any way I could to further my work and its interests. I wanted money to travel thousands of miles ; to buy dogs, and harness, and sleds, and horses, and ponies, and rigs, and saddles ; to buy guns and ammunition ; to build churches, and school-houses, and mission-houses ; to establish an orphanage and training institution, and to become financially responsible for the same as to plant, and buildings, and salaries, and maintenance, for the space of ten years. I wanted funds to make repeated trips to Ottawa in the interests of this institution and of our missions and mission-schools. I wanted to and did help in starting and maintaining Wesley College, and also to help, in my small way, to build Victoria University. In short, I wanted to do what I could in all these matters without drawing on the funds of our society for anything, and, therefore, when God gave me ability and opportunity, and the Church sanctioned me in my efforts, I did as I have said, and, moreover, under similar conditions, would, with a clear conscience, do the same again. During all this time I have neglected no known duty, have not refused any work the Church has given me to do, have not held back from any sacrifice, isolation and hardship, both for my family and self, such as my reviewer cannot possibly know anything about, for I and others know all his circumstances and the fields he labored in, but of this I have said enough. Now, let me quote my reviewer in the *Halifax Wesleyan* of December 13th, 1894 : " When he and his young wife went out in 1868, they were at a loss how to commence active operations, the field being unbroken." This statement has not been corrected, so far as I can learn, and yet it is an absolute falsehood. Rundle, Evans, Mason, Steinhauer, Brooking, Stringfellow and Geo. McDougall had preceded him ; and in 1860, eight years before he went to Norway House, there were Indians then living there who were (if one may judge by E. R. Young's letters and books and conduct) more civilized, and Christian, and cultured than my reviewer is to-day.

Let me again quote from the same source : " In five years he had seen over a thousand men and women converted and leading Christian lives."

Now, as the country is very sparsely populated, those who preceded him and those who succeeded him failed to do any such work. He did it—about all there was to be done. Is it not a pity that he did not continue in the work ? It is now seventeen years since he left it, and at this rate thirty-four hundred might have been converted ; and as the above was done without any real knowledge of the language or the habits

of the people, as his writings evince, why, he might have acquired this later, and the work would have become intensified because of better equipment. But how absurd is all this, just as if one could numerically and by arithmetic judge such work.

Let me continue to quote: "He has sat at a communion table with over 400 native church members." In the report of 1873-74 there are entered 317 church members for Norway House. Dr. Taylor speaks of a great number partaking of communion, and gives the number as 220. Let us pass on. "At Fort Simpson, on the Pacific coast, his friend Mr. Crosby, has the largest Indian Mission in the world, with 1,200 and 1,300 communicants on his roll." In the report of 1894 there are returned for Mr. Crosby's Mission 378 communicants, and for the whole of British Columbia, covering three districts, 1,437 members.

Now, I will quote from a letter before me, and by the way not written to me nor yet at my request, but written by a brother minister who was contemporaneous with Mr. Young in the West. He says: "I am not sure of my memory in everything, but this I do know the roaming band of Indians Rev. E. R. Young saw I never saw, and at this late date I don't expect to see them. Perhaps the good brother had a hearty meal before going to bed and a bad attack of nightmare followed, bringing up the warpath and the painted warriors so vividly that imagination was forgotten, and the reality was before the mind. My memory is not long enough nor fruitful enough to remember what never happened."

The above refers to a story my reviewer is fond of telling from the platform as one of his experiences in 1868, while crossing the plains with a mission party between St. Paul's and Fort Garry, and this quotation is in answer to inquiry made by another of his brethren also contemporaneous with him, the latter also being ignorant of any such occurrence as that described by the Rev. E. R. Young.

I have written this letter in defence of myself and others who have been maligned by the Rev. E. R. Young.

As to my criticism of his book, it is there and immovable, because true. His ridicule and sneers and assumptions are not arguments or facts, as every level-headed reader will have seen already.

I wrote the "Criticism" partially from a sense of duty and partially because several of our prominent ministers and laymen urged me to. This letter in reply to his personal attack, was due to myself and the cause I serve.

Let the Rev. E. R. Young tell the truth and stick to what was his own experience, and not assume that "He is the

apostle of Canadian missions, the man who spent thirty years of his life in the far north." I say, let Mr. Young come out of the false into the real and matter-of-fact, and I for one will receive him gladly.

JOHN McDUGALL.

TORONTO, January 18, 1895.

The following is a document sent to me under a disguised post-mark, and evidently written in a disguised hand, and is very direct evidence of the weakness and insecurity of a cause which would need its supporter to resort to any such despicable means as this.—J. McDUGALL.

"A backslidden minister is a sight to make angels weep. A man who is proved to have told the meanest falsehoods about one of his brethren (out of envy) should resign his position, or be expelled by Conference. The mantle of your ungodly Hicksite ancestry has fallen upon you. How can you dare to call yourself a follower of God? How can anyone listen to your prate after the *Guardian* has shown you up in your true colors? I fear you are an infidel in heart; your grandfather was something in that line. When death approaches, how will you meet your Judge? If I am not mistaken, an angry God will before long take you in hand. He says, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' Surely Satan instigated you in penning that article against the man of God. It was evidently penned by one whose heart was full of malice, hatred, untruthfulness, and utter disregard for his own reputation. If you were not insane when you wrote those deliberate falsehoods, you were blinded by the Evil One, who wished to injure the true Christian, and also to lead you into disgrace. I hope Conference may expel the fur-trading, pretended minister. You are enraged that he was chosen instead of you to go to England. Repent, apologize, and turn to God, or hell will be your doom."



